

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come *Cosin
Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggers all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, spread *Danie*:
Well said *Danie*.

Falst. This *Danie* serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads come heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: Some wine, *Danie*.
Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Profane. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all:
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who? I haue bene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Danie*.

Dan. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tynne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Caviereos about London.

Dan. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Danie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not
M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dan. If it please your Worshipp, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir Iohn*, haue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Courth* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fifth's the man, I speake the truth.

When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and figge-me; like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,

Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
in the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistoll*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bar. O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistoll*:

Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistoll*, vtter more to mee: and
withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,

boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
haue bene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe

Iustice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete,
and Beadles.*

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath bene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
here.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.

Host. O that *Sir Iohn* were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarrie.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pis-
toll* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew-
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
benot swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.
Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinn Thing:

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena

Enter

1. *Groo.* More Rushes.

2. *Groo.* The Trumpets.

1. *Groo.* It will be two
from the Coronation.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow

Falstaffe. Stand heere!
make the King do you G
he comes by: and do but
will giue me.

Pistoll. Blesse thy Lungs.

Falst. Come heere *Pis-
toll*, had time to haue made ne
stowed the thousand pou
no matter, this poore shee
the zeale I had to see him

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my ca

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it

Fal. As it were, to rid

And not to deliberate, no

Not to haue patience to f

Shal. It is most certai

Fal. But to stand st

with desire to see him, thi

Dol is in. *Pistoll*, speakes

done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*:

in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I wi

make thee rage. Thy *Dol*

is in base Durance, and

ther by most Mechanical

Reuenge from Ebon den

Dol is in. *Pistoll*, speakes

Fal. I will deliuer her

Pistoll. There roard d

founds.

The Trumpets sound

Fist. Bro

Falst. Saue thy Grace

Pist. The heauens the

Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sw

King. My Lord Chie

man.

Ch. Inst. Haue you y

Know you what 'tis you

Falst. My King, my I

King. I know thee n

How ill white haire